



THE LAST CABINET COUNCIL.

At a late hour of the evening, the President called for the members of his cabinet. They gathered in the White House, and the President, looking weary and anxious, began to speak.

"What ails you, Mr. President?" asked one of the members. "I am not feeling well," replied the President, "but I must go on. The country is in a state of great excitement, and I must do my duty."

The President then turned to another member and said, "I have a great deal to say to you, but I must hurry. The clock is striking twelve, and I must go to bed. Good night."

The President then turned to a third member and said, "I have a great deal to say to you, but I must hurry. The clock is striking twelve, and I must go to bed. Good night."

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"What in the devil are you about?" demanded Jesse, glaring wildly upon the medical operator, as he drew a stomach pump from his coat pocket. "You must submit, sir," said he, "resistance will avail you nothing."

"Poo! poo! I nonsense—pon my soul 'twouldly a joke! I am a mere man—don't be a fool," cried Jesse, struggling. "May I die if—"

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There is no doubt that all the circumstances of horror which precede the infliction of death as awarded by our law, add in an extreme degree, to the bitterness of that dreadful hour. The cell differing from all human dwellings, with its bare massive walls, its small, heavily barred window, admitting just light enough to show the terrors and wretchedness of the place—its lack of all furniture beyond that barely sufficient for the miserable one who inhabits it—telling the absence of all intercourse and sympathy of our fellows—the harsh grating of the bolts—the heavy clanging of the keys—and the look of hardened indifference which habit has given to those who wait and guard in prisons—all these things, soothed as they are when compared to the sudden, violent, and ignominious deprivation of life which they precede and betoken—all these things do, we are fully persuaded, add accumulated terror, anguish and despair. And yet it is said that criminals often sleep on that night. How strange and wonderful is this! They sleep—not from the mere exhaustion of suffering—but a healthy and unaltered sleep. But oh! what waking must theirs be! When consciousness breaks by degrees upon their minds, what must they then feel! We are told too, that bread is brought to them on that morning—that breakfast is offered to them as it would be at the beginning of any common day of their existence. There is something very revolting in this. It appears a bitter mockery to employ the ordinary means of preserving life, when we know that long before they can work their effects that life will be cut off forever.

Receipt for a lady's dress.—Let your ear-rings be Attention, encircled by the pearls of Refinement; the diamonds of your necklace Truth, and the chain of Christianity; your breast-pin Charity, ornamented with the pearls of Gentleness; your finger-rings be Affection, set round with diamonds of Industry; your girdle be Simplicity, with the tassels of Good-humor; let your thicker part be Virtue, and your drapery Politeness; let your shoes be Wisdom, secured by the strings of Patience.

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